

# Ghetto Angels

## NoCap

Yeah, didn't write this song, but I'm recordin' with this lead on me  
Know it sound strange, but I'ma die for all my dead homies  
Nobody really know how he feels I always thought that you would be here  
Why do I always question God, but I never pray?  
I think about you, I end up cryin' on my best days  
Tryna convince me to get better, naw, naw, naw, naw  
I'd be lyin' if I didn't say I really miss my dawgs  
It's so much of pain in us, always feel like I'm givin' up  
It ain't the same no more, death brought me anger  
I'm followed by angels and I got some dyin' love  
Soon as I got rich, soon as I got famous  
Yeah, why did you leave?  
If you was here, how would it be?  
Oh, oh  
I'm protected by these ghetto angels  
Oh, woah  
I'm protected by the hood gangsters  
Yeah  
Tell me, Slim, how did you die by yourself?  
The paramedics sittin', watchin' you melt  
You was probably tryna catch a sale  
Damn, you should've stayed in jail, yeah  
This rap shit been fuckin' with my ego  
How the fuck I couldn't save 'em? I'm neighborhood hero  
Your main homie actin' strange, I'm tryna know what he know  
And it's crazy, we 'posed to took Duke to the graveyard to see Fred  
Phone ring an hour later, damn Cap, Duke dead  
I guess since we didn't take him  
He went to the graveyard to see Fred on his own, damn  
I been takin' drugs 'til I feel the effect  
I really miss my dawgs like some missin' pets, yeah  
Made it out the hood, way more than blessed  
Don't say you feel my pain, it's way more than stress, yeah  
I can swipe for bodies with my credit, yeah  
Fred took 17 like JJ Redick  
Yeah, my music for the streets, so fuck a Grammy  
Tubes and breathing machines how I see my granny  
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